

Suck

UNIVERSITY CLUB

WEEK ENDING AUGUST 19, 1916
PRICE TEN CENTS



CALLING OUT THE CLASS OF 1917

Drawn by Ethel Plummer

**Remember how your mother
always kept her fruit in a
dark place in the cellar?**

Why?

Light starts a chemical change in fruit, rendering it unfit for use.

The same way with beer. The ultra violet rays of light start chemical changes that impair the nutritive value.

In Schlitz this nutritive value is unimpaired—light cannot harm it.

The Brown Bottle keeps out the light and protects it from the brewery to your glass. That's why it tastes so good.

Drink

Schlitz

Order a Case Today

in Brown Bottles

See that crown is branded "Schlitz"

114 Mag.

**The Beer
That Made Milwaukee Famous**

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-Class Mail Matter
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General Manager,
FOSTER GILROY.

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Editor,
KARL SCHMIDT.



NATHAN STRAUS, JR.

Publisher

PUCK'S Historical Numbers

PUCK is about to publish a series of pictures portraying accurately for the first time the chief events of American history. The extraordinary happenings that attended the discovery and establishment of the United States have been clouded by legend and myth. Recent research has cleared away most of the mystery; but the standard histories and accepted pictures portraying this period have been alike made under the influence of current misconceptions. It has remained for PUCK to compile a series of pictures in the light of modern research, and to have these pictures produced, correct in every detail by the foremost illustrators of the day.

For months representatives of the Puck staff have been gathering material and data. The matter — notes, sketches, photographs, etc. — is now fully sorted and the drawings themselves are at last under way. No trouble or expense has been spared to make each picture historically accurate and artistically attractive. We have tried, and we think succeeded, in combining in each instance beauty with truth.

We, or rather scholars, now know just how the expedition of Columbus was equipped and financed, and most of the details of the first landing of a white man on the shore of the new world. These will be the subjects of the first pictures in the Pictorial History of America.

Our thanks are especially due, and are hereby gratefully extended, to the following individuals, societies and institutions for assistance, without which the compilation of the work would have been impossible:

Hispanic Museum,
Metropolitan Museum of Art,
New York Public Library,
American Historical Society,
Wilson and America
Irving R. Wiles.

The numerous reference books consulted can scarcely be listed, and likewise our thanks cannot be adequately tendered to the heads of the historical departments in the various museums and libraries who have been personally so helpful in securing data for this series.

We extend also thanks to our advertisers, without whose co-operation the expense of the preparation of this series could not have been undertaken.

The Teapot Simmers

The demand for a continuation of the Bunner stories has been well nigh unanimous, but the truth of the honored and respectable wheeze about difference of opinion has seldom been better exemplified than in these two letters, which arrived in the same mail:

Filer, Idaho.

Dear Puck:

You ask for an opinion of your readers on the continuation of the Bunner stories. Do not drop them now, if there are any more of them and they are accessible, as we are just getting used to them. As this is a dry state the authorities do not wish to tempt us with the rude, sinful and defiling "licker" ads. Let us at least have more of Bunner; it takes the place of absinthe. I take fourteen of the better magazines, and with me Puck is the epitome of what my journalistic ambitions hold as an ideal. Besides, I am with you on Preparedness, Wilson and America First. Selah!

JUNEAU SHINN.

St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Friend Puck:

Although I enjoy some of the Bunner stories very much, I think that the demand for, and the popularity of your magazine would increase if they were discontinued. The great majority of the readers of Puck buy the magazine for the jokes and cartoons and not for fiction. I would suggest that the Bunner stories be discontinued and replaced by jokes, cartoons, etc. so that Puck may remain as the most popular of magazines of comical, artistic and caricaturistic type, and avoid being too much of an *All Story Weekly*. This is not satire but sincere advice.

H. E. G.

We gracefully pass this on for a free-for-all discussion among the regular participants of the Tea Pot:

Lititz, Pa.

Sirs:

I have heard much of Puck's neutrality. But I have never been able to reconcile it to the irreverent manner in which you speak of His Majesty Emperor William.

Just how far do you think you can go and remain neutral? Or, can you be neutral and still be a good American? Perhaps a discussion among your readers will assist me in answering this question, which has puzzled me ever since the question of neutrality arose over this terrible war.

H. G. S.

Bless your heart, Hans, we don't see how you can maintain strict neutrality and still get excited about the Fourth of July, but we are perfectly willing to adopt your suggestion and let our readers decide the matter once and for all.

The Bunner Books

In response to the many readers who write to us inquiring about the possibility of purchasing the Bunner Books, we would call attention to the advertisement on page 19 of this number.

"Short Sixes," "The Runaway Browns" and "Made in France" are now out of print, though a new edition will make its appearance possibly during the coming winter.

"More Short Sixes" and "The Suburban Sage" are still in print, but the edition remaining is a small one, and after it has been disposed of these titles will be unobtainable until a definitive edition of Mr. Bunner's works, now contemplated, makes its appearance. While they may yet be supplied.

The two titles still in print contain many stories that have not been printed in Puck's Bunner revival, and we would urge Bunner enthusiasts to take advantage of the existing opportunity to obtain copies of these edi-

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All communications should be addressed to the Puck Publishing Corporation.

Puck will use its best care with MSS., but cannot be held responsible for their loss, nor can it be held responsible for MSS. remaining uncalled for after 30 days. MSS. sent in by mail should be accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope or wrapper, otherwise they cannot be returned. Puck is on sale in Europe at the various branches of the International News Co., and the Atlas Publishing and Distributing Co.; Brentano's, Paris; Wm. Dawson & Sons and W. H. Smith & Sons, London; Hachette et Cie, Paris, and Basile, Lausanne and Geneva, Switzerland.



FRIEND: "Wh-when w-will we get to the bottom?"

MOTOR ENTHUSIAST: "Before you know it."

Magnanimous

HE: Did I propose to you last night?

SHE: Well, if you did, I won't hold it up against you.

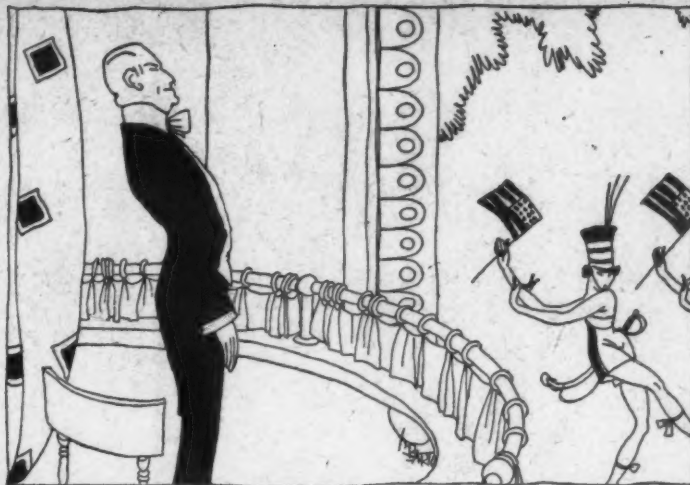
The shrapnel explosion in New York harbor may be counted on to bring more wrath upon the head of Woodrow Wilson. Had it not been for his practice of note-writing, New York might have received her baptism of fire from some more glorious source than a mere accidental discharge. We trust the lesson will sink home.

Miss Anna Martin, of Reno, chairman of the National Women's Party election committee, says that if neither the Democrats nor the Republicans come out for national suffrage, "we will swing the power of 4,000,000 women now enfranchised to the Prohibition or Progressive parties." Note the words "*we*" and "*swing*." Speaking of Bossism, against which Woman Suffrage is a protest, not even Boss Penrose would dare to talk like that.

A political reporter, writing of the Hughes notification ceremonies, announced that "Colonel Roosevelt and a host of distinguished Republicans would be present." That lets the Colonel out nicely.

"Is Bob thinking of matrimony?"

"I guess so — I saw him critically inspecting Ludlow Street Jail, last Tuesday."



Are You a Good American?

Would it disturb you, for instance, to learn that Queen Isabella never pawned her jewels to stake Columbus on his memorable voyage — to learn, indeed, that the crown jewels had been put in limbo long before the doughty mariner appeared at the Court of Spain?

Would you lose any sleep over the fact that the Mayflower never could have landed at Plymouth Rock — unless her crew used a hydro-aeroplane? Or that poor old Peter Stuyvesant sported two perfectly good limbs, and did not need a wooden one?

These and many other interesting sidelights of history will be told in picture and text in the course of a series to appear in

The Historical Numbers of

Puck

Beginning on August 29th

(Issue dated Sept. 2nd)

History tells us that Joan of Arc was burned by proxy, and lived to be happily married; that the dreaded Bastille never had more than a score of prisoners confined within its grim walls at any one time in its career, and that they lived in luxury; that Dante's beloved Beatrice was a giddy young debutante of nine summers when she died, and that if Sir Walter Raleigh ever laid his cloak in a mud puddle to protect Queen Elizabeth's feet, it was borrowed from a faithful retainer.

There are just as thrilling discrepancies in American history as it has been taught in the schools. Read the Historical Numbers of PUCK and revise those school-day text-books that sent shivers up and down your spine over deeds of daring that never took place.

Like all of PUCK's special numbers, the first Historical Issue will be exceedingly difficult to obtain unless you

Order from Your Newsdealer Today

Dreams—by Raphael Kirchner



Copyright 1916 by Raphael Kirchner

THE MODERNIST PAINTER VISITS IN HIS SLEEP A WORLD IN WHICH THE PEOPLE AND THE ARCHITECTURE ARE LIKE THOSE THAT HE HAS PAINTED.



"Think what it would mean if we could have a moving picture of Caesar at the battle of Alesia."

—Arthur Brisbane.

Well, why not? A little order like that would not feaze the Moving Picture people when there are so many ideal battlefields in New Jersey and Long Island.

The wife of an Erie section-hand saved the life of the Erie's President, by flagging his special at the head of a cut in which the rain had washed great stones. "Mr. Underwood sent a special message of thanks to Mrs. Maillet," says the report. In these days of high cost of living, the family of a section-hand cannot have too many special messages of thanks. Every little helps.

The Prohibitionists to a man will oppose the purchase of the Danish West Indies. One of the islands, Santa Cruz, has had a long and notorious record as a partner of the Rum Demon.

The Statue of Liberty was injured by the blast, but the light burned steadily through the hours of bombardment without flickering.

—New York Shrapnel Sunday.

"Oh, say, can you see, etc., etc."

It seems as though the game wardens should step in and declare a closed season for Austrians.

A Long Island correspondent speaks of "Colonel Roosevelt and many other wealthy citizens of Oyster Bay." Disillusioned Progressives are willing to go even further than that and characterize the Colonel as "a malefactor of great wealth."



A LAWYER WITHOUT A CASE

—Drawn by Boardman Robinson

The earnings announced yesterday are the biggest for three months ever declared in the history of United States Steel. They represent a profit of almost \$1,000,000 a day."

—Wall Street Item.

Were the Republican party in power, this would be pointed to as an excellent reason for keeping the Democrats out. As it is, it is mere "accidental prosperity."

An unnamed cat found two baby kittens, just after the first blast, snuggling to her in a tent in front of the Lackawanna pier, North River.

—Explosion Item.

Let them be christened, respectively, Grape and Canister.

"I would take my place with the youngest of you, but the inscrutable Almighty has willed otherwise."

—The Kaiser to his troops.

Now we can glimpse the meaning of "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

Balkan Theater.—There is nothing to report.—War Communiqué.

Will reopen early in September, as one might say.

"The Republican Party stands for stability and a national viewpoint."

—Frank P. Woods, of Iowa.

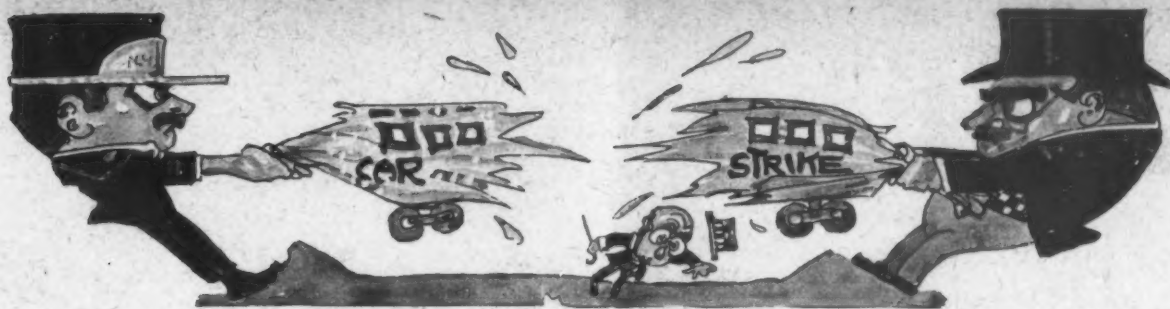
But it stands for so many other things that "stability" and "national viewpoint" have to wait on the line.

A man in Ohio has just gone crazy as a result of reading the Congressional Record. At least, so it is reported. For our own part, we believe he was crazy beforehand or he would never have wanted to read the Congressional Record.

From each shell-hole came a German soldier holding up his hands and crying "Pity," which is a word they seemed to have learned in case of need.—The War along the Somme.

Perhaps they learned it from Belgium.

In the Italian soldier's bright lexicon, beyond the Alps lie more Alps.



THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by Berton Braley

Drawings by Merle Johnson



Well, Hughes—he accepted;
And then, with some pep, did
He state his opinions on life,
Declaring for suffrage,
And next, with some bluff rage,
Demanding grim war to the knife.

On hyphens and traitors,
His loyal spectators
And auditors listened—much awed,
Then homeward they hied them,
In blankets they tied them
And lighted the furnace and thawed.

Miss Liberty quivered,
And Brooklyn town shivered
And Gotham's plate windows were
broke,
And Jersey civilians
Were jolted, when millions
In dynamite went up in smoke.

An accident? Maybe
But if what folks say be
A fact, it was started by spies
Who worked for a bonus.
If this should be shown us
We wouldn't fall dead from surprise.

An old fellow, weighty
With years—(he is eighty)—
Has wed a maid—(seventy-five).
Cheer up, girls, there's chances
Of lovely romances
So long as you still are alive!

Who, who can determine
The ways that are German
They battle so bravely and well,
And then—then they queer it
By that sort of spirit
Which shoots a Fryatt, a Cavell!

Yet, who shall distinguish
The ways of the English
Who rail at the Germans, oh yes!
Then turn round and tear in
To brave little Erin
And trample and crush and suppress.

This weather, it frets us,
It stews and it sweats us
At noon-time and night-time and morn;
It's hard on each human
Man, baby or woman
But Gosh, it's so good for the corn!



The navy goes cruising
This week, and it's choosing
Two thousand civilians to go
Along with the Jackies
To learn what the knack is
Of holding one's meals in a blow.

The laws—who can map 'em?
Our courts hold the Appam
Which Germany captured at sea
Belongs to the British.
We hate to be skittish
But such law is piffle, say we!

It seems, for the nonce, in
The state of Wisconsin
The hyphenates holler for Hughes,
They've started a hearty
"American" party
Which looks to Berlin for its views.





Vol. LXXX. No. 2059



WEEK ENDING AUGUST 19, 1916

"The Republican party is not coming back. The men in the old parties may just as well make up their minds that the Progressive party is here to stay, and join its ranks at once."

—Theodore Roosevelt in the Campaign of 1912

Hughes and His Hyphens

THE public utterances of Candidate Hughes have been so far sufficiently verbose to cover most of the issues of the campaign. And yet there are some startling omissions—omissions that in many ways are more significant than the positive statements made. For instance, why does Justice Hughes always avoid mention of the Federal Reserve Act? Does he not approve of it? Would he prefer the old system of financial chaos, the old system that had to be reformed by the Democrats of this administration; or would he perhaps prefer to substitute for the present Federal Reserve system a central bank that could be more conveniently controlled by Wall Street and the big interests of the Republican Party? What does Candidate Hughes think of restriction of immigration and what does he think of rural credits legislation? All of these matters would seem to be of at least equal importance with the matter of the amendment to the federal constitution for the sake of giving women the vote; and it seems hardly possible that it was by mere accident that all of them have been overlooked in Justice Hughes' extensive public utterances.

HOWEVER there is a more important point than any of these that cannot conceivably have been overlooked by so astute a mind as that of Justice Hughes. We refer to the question of a federal statute putting an embargo on the exportation of munitions of war. Justice Hughes is supported by the German element of the voting public because he is supposed to favor such federal legislation. If he does not favor such a law, he is deceiving them; if he does favor such a law, he is deceiving us. Attempts to straddle the question by any phrases like "undiluted Americanism" are not an answer but an evasion of the point at issue.

IF you ever get into the office of the Presidency, Justice Hughes, will you square your actions there with the hopes of the Americans who have voted for you, or with the hopes of the Hyphenates who have voted for you? Which one of these two groups are you going to deceive? Are you going to put through

legislation placing an embargo on the shipment of arms and so live up to the expectations of your German supporters, or are you going to be against such legislation? If you do the first, you betray Americanism. If you do the second, you betray the confidence of the voters who will have elected you, and you show that, although in word you condemned President Wilson's policy, in deed you are nothing but a weak imitation of him.

The Decline of the Fourth Estate

THERE used to be a type of newspaper man, now fast becoming a tradition, to whom facts were a passion and good writing a pride. What has become of him?

The biggest assignment in recent years, outside of the European war front, was the mobilization of United States troops on the Mexican border. A decade ago every newspaper would have sent its "star" man to cover the story. Here is General Funston's estimate of the correspondents now at the front, contained in a complaint of their inefficiency filed with the War Department:

"I have endured these pests as long as I propose to, and shall hereafter bar offenders from camps and prohibit them from accompanying troops on the march."

Sensational reports from the border appear to fall into two classifications. One represents the viewpoint of the man who has been frankly instructed by his paper to file all the unfavorable news possible, as an embarrassment to the Administration. This is political buncombe, and fools nobody.

Another type of misleading despatch, however, is a more serious matter, for it often comes from an overzealous young man who has suddenly found himself transferred from a Brooklyn "district" to the dignity of a potential war correspondent, and his despatches not infrequently find a trusting audience.

It would seem that the situation in Texas just now calls for the services of the able, conscientious school of reporting that hesitates to substitute conjecture for truth.

Undoubtedly, the fancied rewards of journalism have attracted a class of immature young men representative of the less substantial elements of our university life, and it is largely due to these recruits that a profession once so honorable has been commercialized to a deplorable degree.



"And you should have seen the letter he wrote, with his first alimony check! If I'd known he was such a grouch I would never have married him!"

Our Perplexity Column

Edited by Stephen Leacock

All questions answered instantaneously by electricity.

N. B. Questions should be addressed to THE EDITOR, PERPLEXITY COLUMN, and accompanied by one dollar, in which case they will be answered at once without charge. The dollar may be sent, if desired, to THE EDITOR'S house. In fact, it is desired.)

Vassar Girl asks:

What is the date of the birth of Caracalla?

Answer: I don't know.

Commercial Traveller inquires:

Can you please tell me what time the train leaves New York for Chicago?

Answer: I'm not sure, but I think that there are two on now, in the summer; one goes out sometime in the forenoon and the other along toward sundown. The best way for you would be to get some one here to go over to the depot and ask there: they'd be sure to know; but tell them not to go around noon, or the depot might be shut.

Lexicographer asks:

Can you tell me the proper way to spell 'dog'?

Answer: Certainly. 'Dog' should be spelt, properly and precisely, 'dog.' When it is used in the sense to mean not a 'dog' or 'one dog' but two or more dogs—in other words what we grammarians are accustomed to call the plural—it is proper to add to it the diphthong 's', pronounced with a hiss like 'z' in soup.

But for all these questions of spelling, your best plan is to

buy a copy of *Puck's Standard Dictionary* published, in ten volumes, by this newspaper, at forty dollars.

Ignoramus asks:

Can you tell me how to spell 'cat'?

Answer: Didn't you hear what we just said about how to spell 'dog'? Buy the Dictionary.

Answer: Go? I think it would go like —

A Celtic Sally

THE LADY OF THE HOUSE: Mary, it seems to me that the crankiest mistress gets the best cooks.

THE GENIUS OF THE KITCHEN: Ah, gwan on now, mum, with your flattery!



—Otho Cushing—

—Drawn by Otho Cushing

EDITH: Don't you think it selfish of Alice to be "rescued" so early in the day?

ETHEL: No, — we arranged that he is to "save" me at eleven — and then you can "get beyond your depth" till lunch time.

Well-dressed Man writes:

I am anxious, if possible, not to buy a suit of August flannels for the seaside this year, but to make my last year's suit do. Can you suggest any way of making it do?

Answer: Yes. I should take firm ground about it, if I were you. Insist upon it. Make it do. It has got to do if you say so. By the way, if the suit is shrunk, why not train down to it with light diet and exercise?

Constant Reader asks:

I have been thinking of trimming my straw hat with a plain band of white organdie. Do you think it would go?

Calling for Reform

FRANCES: You say you are going to marry a man to reform him. That is fine. May I ask who he is?

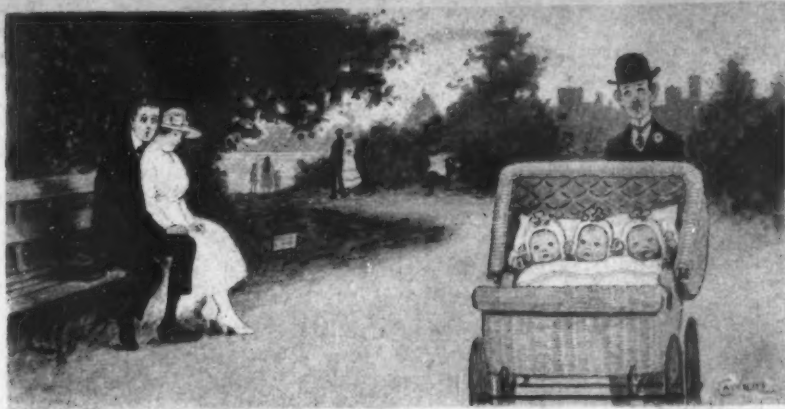
FLORA: It's young Bond.

FRANCES: Why, I didn't know he had any bad habits.

FLORA: Well, his friends are saying that he has become quite miserly.

"Martha, why did you put on that heavy mourning for Sam? It isn't honest. Everybody knows that you fought like cat and dog."

"Dis yere ain't no 'mournin' for dat niggah, Sam; but how's de young men to know I's in de market agin, ef I don't wear it?"



"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady."

—Drawn by Calvert

Future Tastes

"A Missouri professor of chemistry announces that by chemical treatment plants can be grown so that they will taste exactly as the grower desires them to taste."
—News Item.

"And what have you to-day that's good?" enquired Mr. Emilianus Shoestring when he had settled himself at his favorite table, and his favorite waiter had brushed three imaginary crumbs from the table-cloth.

The waiter fluttered gently at Mr. Shoestring's elbow. "We have some very delicious potatoes which taste like California asparagus," said he, "and some remarkable parsnips with an unequalled flavor of Virginia ham."

"Then we have some wonderful cabbage which was reared to taste like fresh mushrooms; and some new potatoes which couldn't be told from a bottle of Burgundy. Our spinach was raised in such a manner that its taste is exactly similar to turtle soup; and we have some carrots with the flavor of broiled partridge breasts."

Mr. Shoestring yawned wearily. "I'm sick of all these fancy-tasting dishes, Alphonse," said he. "I want some of the stuff I used to get on the farm. Bring me a dish of broiled tripe, a couple of baked potatoes, and a mess of dandelion greens."

Alphonse looked shocked. "Baked potatoes and dandelion greens!" he exclaimed. "What flavor does monsieur wish them to have?"

"Baked potatoes and dandelion greens," replied Mr. Shoestring calmly.

"But, Monsieur!" expostulated Alphonse, "such vegetables are grown no longer with their original tastes. Everybody desires them to taste of rich dishes which were formerly beyond their pocketbooks. To get such vegetables with the original flavor would be so expensive that Monsieur would be unable to eat for a fortnight."

Realizing that Alphonse spoke the truth, Mr. Shoestring cursed bitterly beneath his breath and ordered a plate of turnips with a jumbo squab taste, and an order of egg-plant with a raw-oyster flavor.

— K. L. Roberts.



—Drawn by E. W. Kemble

THE PAINTER: "I paint things as I see them."

THE BUYER: "But think of me. I have to see them as you paint them."



LITTLE BOY: (to disappointed angler) "Can I see you ketch a fish, Mister?"

HIS MOTHER: "Willie, dont forget to say please."

Wedding Bells

"Dinah, wilt thou take Erastus for thy wedded husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, cherish and obey, till death you do part?"

"No, sah, I takes him just as he is. Ef he gets any better he'll go to heaven. Ef he gets any worse I'll take him to the police station."

Fair Minded

THE BARBER: Your hair is thinning, sir. Ever try our hair preparations?

THE PATRON: No, I can't blame it on that.

TEACHER: The earth revolves daily upon its axis. Is there any question you wish to ask?

BOY: Is the Sunday performance a sacred one?

Germany complains that the boorish English are actually being so impolite as to shove.

The City of Philadelphia is the Brotherly Noisiest city in North America.

If you walk about any of the narrow streets of this cold storage abode of Brotherly Love you will soon see tottering on its legs the venerable New York joke concerning the cemetery-like stillness of the abode of brotherly love. Over there the nerve shock is ultra-dynamic. As for sleep, it is out of the question. Why, then, will ask the puzzled student of national life, does the venerable witticism persist in living? The answer is that in the United States a truth promulgated a century ago never dies. We are a race of humorists. Noise-breeding trolley-cars, constricted streets that vibrate with the clangor of the loosely-jointed machinery, an army of carts and the cries of vegetable vendors, a multitude of jostling people making for the ferries on the Delaware or the bridges on the Schuylkill rivers, together with the hum of vast manufactories, all these and a thousand other things place New York in a more modest category; in reality our own city emits few pipes in comparison with the City of Brotherly Noise which sprawls over the map of Pennsylvania. Yet it is called dead and moss-grown. The antique joke flourishes the world over; in Philadelphia it is stunned by the welter and crush of life and politics. Oscar Hammerstein first crossed the Rubicon of Market Street. The mountain of "society" was forced to go northward to this Mahomet of operatic music; else forego Richard Strauss, Debussy, Massenet, Mary Garden, and Oscar's famous head-tilt. What a feat to boast of! For hundreds of years Market Street had been the balking line of super-nice Philadelphians. Above the delectable region south of the City Hall and Penn's statue was Cimmerian darkness. Hammerstein, with his opera company, accomplished the miracle. Perfectly proper persons now say "Girard Avenue" or "Spring Garden" without blushing, because of their increased knowledge of municipal topography. Society trooped northward. Motor-cars from Rittenhouse Square were seen near Poplar Street. Nevertheless, Philadelphia still believes that Ibsen is a struggling young dramatist, who ought to be suppressed for his bold ideas; that Maeterlinck is the name of a man who writes pretty essays on bees; that Nietzsche is immoral;

The Seven Arts by James Huneker



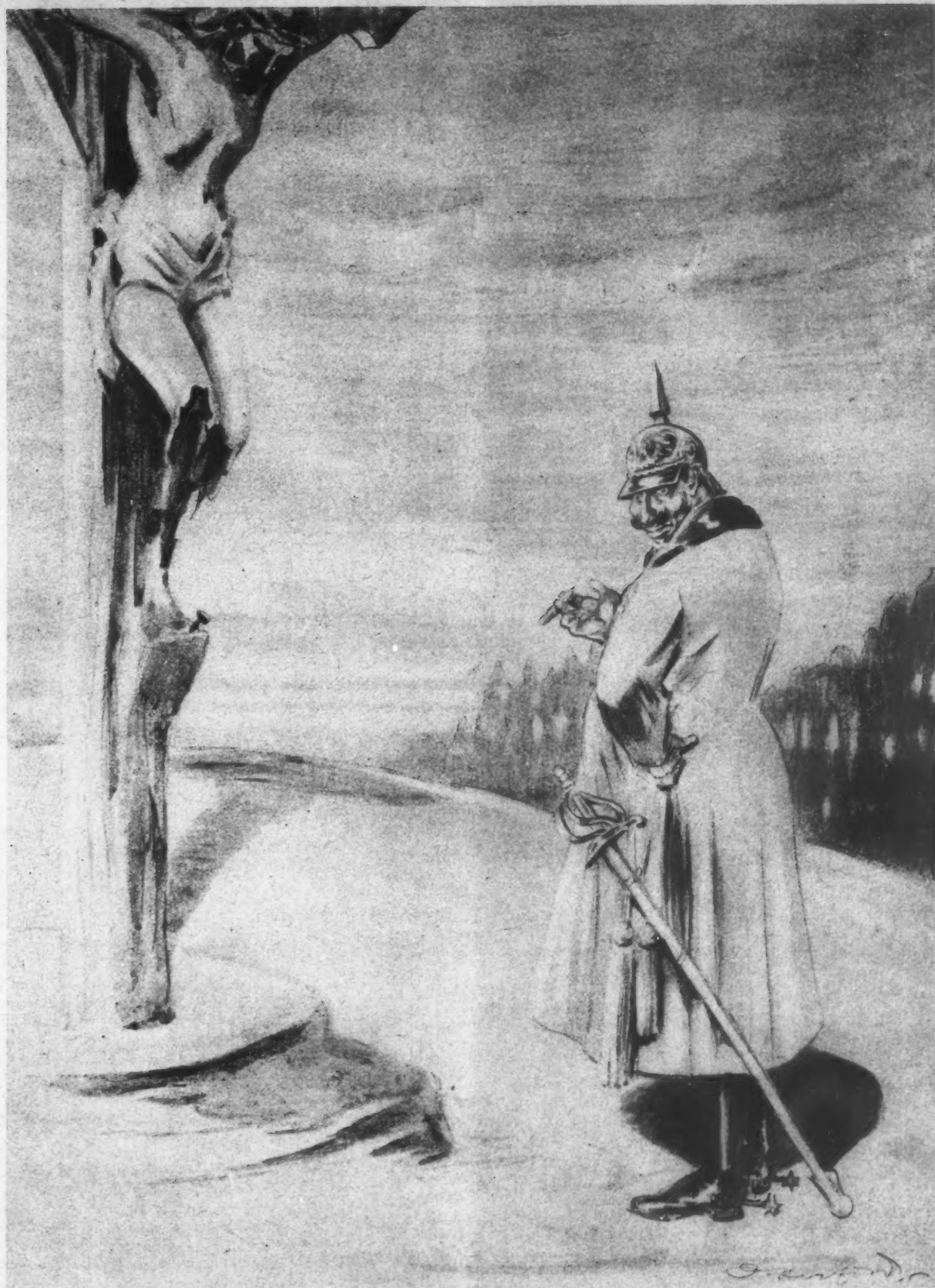
that Joseph Conrad can't write as good a sea-story as Kipling. On the other hand Philadelphia boasts a much superior culture in the crustacean line. The best fried oysters are to be found there. Terrapin is the local god. And Dennis McGowan, of Sansom Street hangs his banners on the outer walls; within, red-snapper soup and deviled crabs make the heart grow fonder.

The difference in the handling of the social "hammer" between Philadelphia and New York, or Boston and Philadelphia, may be illustrated thus: At the clubs in Philadelphia they say: "Dabs is going fast. Pity he drinks. Did you see the seven cocktails he got away with before dinner last night?" In Boston they say: "Dabs is quite hopeless. This afternoon he mixed up Botticelli with Bottecini. Of course, after that—" Now, in New York, we usually dismiss the case in this fashion: "Dabs went smash this morning. The limit! Serves the idiot right. He never would take tips." Here are certain social characteristics of three cities set forth by kindly disposed clubmen. As the Chinese say: An image-maker never worships his idols. We prefer the Cambodian sage who remarked: "In hell, it's bad form to mention the heat."

The Socialist

The socialist is not always sociable. Nor is there any reason why he should be. He usually brings into whatever company he frequents his little pailful of theories and dumps them on the carpet of conversation. He enacts the eternal farce of equality for all, justice for none. The mob, not the individual, is his shibboleth. Yet he is the first to resent any tap on his shoulder in the way of personal criticism. He has been in existence since the coral atoll was constructed by that tiny, busy, gregarious creature, and in the final cosmic flare-up he will vanish in company with his fellow-man. He is nothing if not collective. His books, written in his own tongue, are translated into every living language except English, which is inimical to jargon. If his communal dreams could come true he would charge his neighbor with cheating above his position; being a reformer, the fire of envy brightly burns in his belly — a sinister conflagration akin to that of Ram Dass (see Carlyle). In the thick twilight of his reason he vaguely wanders, reading every new

(Continued on page 22)



—Drawn by Oliver Herford

PRAISE FROM CÆSAR

THE KAISER —“How fascinating and marvelously manifold is His personality!
We must study it thoroughly.”



—Drawn by Ralph Barton

A year and a half ago everyone was knitting for the Belgians; now it is being done for our own boys on the border.

Fatal Monday

I.

(From a Newspaper Editorial in the year 1896.)

"Again we are confronted in Monday's news columns with an appalling list of accidents and fatalities, due to reckless speeding on the cycle paths and highways frequented by wheelmen. No less than a score were reported to the police. Why is it that wheelmen—out for a day's recreation—on the day of rest, forsooth!—cannot content themselves with moderation? Why must this craze for speed prevail? Why cannot a man with a wheel be content with a rational gait of ten or twelve miles an hour when he goes out for a spin?"

II.

(Editorial in a newspaper of 1916.)

"Again are we confronted in Monday's news columns with an appalling list of accidents and fatalities, due to reckless speeding of automobiles. No less than a score were reported from various nearby points. Why is it that motorists, out for a day's recreation—on the day of rest, forsooth!—cannot content themselves with moderation? Why must this craze for speed prevail? Why cannot a man with an automobile be content with a rational gait of thirty or forty miles an hour when he goes out for a spin?"

III.

(From a newspaper editorial in the year 1920.)

"Again are we confronted in Mon-

day's news columns with an appalling list of accidents and fatalities, due to reckless speeding of aircraft. No less than a score were reported within a radius of a thousand miles from New York. Why is it that amateur aviators, out for a day's recreation—on the day of rest, forsooth!—cannot content themselves with moderation? Why must this craze for speed prevail? Why cannot a man with an aeroplane be content with a civilized gait of ninety or a hundred miles an hour when he goes out for a spin?

APPENDIX TO I. II. AND III.

We'll be the goat. Why can't he?

The Hawaiian music craze will soon reach the point where influential citizens will sign petitions urging the United States to give the islands their freedom.



On a Desert Isle—Just my luck, I've rescued my own wife!

As we follow the daily progress of the Allies in the headlines, the Germans will spend Christmas in Indianapolis.

Trolley cars in New York were held up for half an hour when Mrs. Mary Farlietta, a passenger, gave birth to a child. She was arrested for blocking the traffic.

The Germans confiscated a taxicab in which a pair of newlyweds were starting on their honeymoon, declaring that it was a "pleasure trip." Dear, dear, those Germans!

The Belgians are starving and the distress in Poland could hardly be any greater. And in New York a couple of thousand persons are contributing to a fund to buy an oil painting for Christopher Mathewson.

An Ad.

We shall all of us have to face the question of voting with the German-Americans for Mr. Hughes and thereby giving them a pretext for claiming a standing in American politics, or voting for President Wilson.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

Incredible as it may seem, the *Tribune* has for once made a statement as to the political situation which is absolutely accurate, such an act on the part of the editor of the *Tribune* deserves commendation and the item itself deserves note. It deserves the immortality which we gladly confer upon it by reprinting it in the pages of PUCK.

TWO WEEKS IN AUGUST

By HELEN SMITH DAYTON
Illustrated from clay models by the Author

"Our family is getting smaller every day," observed Mrs. Canary, surveying the vacant places at her table, "and Gertie Golightly goes to-night."

"All the vacation I get these days," lamented old Mrs. Cribbage, "is looking at the postal cards of pleasant places where other folks are. Samuel and me used to have awful good times going off on trips, when he could get away from the office."

"I could get away all right enough, now," Samuel remarked, dryly. "The trouble might be in getting back. We old fellows have to hang on to our jobs, and if we took vacations we might come back and find some youngster in our place."

"Now, Samuel," protested Mrs. Cribbage, "you know well enough that no one could take your place, and after all the years you've spent with that firm."

"I'm surprised that Dave Hemisphere didn't go on that fishing trip to Maine, after planning it all Winter. That's a trip I'd like to take myself," said Mr. Cribbage, wistfully.

"Trust Dave to go where it would not cost him much," was Mrs. Cribbage's caustic comment. "I'll bet that man who invited him down to the rented cottage didn't make a hit with his poor wife who has to do the cooking. I tried cooking in one of those cardboard cottages once, and it wasn't any joke, even when you could get anything to cook."

"I can't help feeling sorry for poor Mr. Binney on these hot days," sniffed Mrs. Canary, the landlady.

"That was all her idea. I don't think he wanted to go out there any more than I would. You can't tell me that poor man enjoys commuting from Rosemont. He has to catch the 7:02 train in the morning and the 6:04 out at night and goodness knows it's dark when he gets out there. I don't believe it's any cooler in that suburb than it is right here in the city. We get a lovely breeze on our front steps every evening."

"I met Binney on the street the other day," said Samuel Cribbage.

"I suppose he had an armful of packages," smiled Mrs. Canary. "They say the mosquitoes are something terrible out there and a few years ago there was an epidemic of typhoid which was traced to well water."

"Maybe they'll like it so well out there that they'll find a rent and stay," put in Mrs. Cribbage slyly.

"Oh, well," waved Mrs. Canary, with an indifference she was far from feeling, "I guess these few weeks will be enough for them. Folks that just cater to summer people don't care how they feed 'em. I imagine Mr. Binney often wishes he was here for one of our good dinners. Mrs. Binney thinks it's swell out there. Huh!" Mrs. Canary gave the most sarcastic of laughs. "Dear knows, if that's what she is looking for, I could have told her of a dozen places. My sister May is at a delightful watering place; but, of course, Mrs. Binney



Mr. Gregory had departed on his vacation in a cloud of mystery. He had taken his golf clubs.

hasn't got the clothes for a place like that. What Mr. Binney really wanted to do was to go camping for a couple of weeks. Now that would have been a real vacation for him. I suppose May Whizzley is seeing all the home folks," Mrs. Canary added, to change the subject.

"May told me that she didn't want to stay a whole month," confided Mrs. Cribbage. "She'd rather have gone to some lively place, but the railroad fare home is so much it wouldn't have been worth her while to go for only two weeks."

Gertie Golightly breezed in, late again for dinner.

"What have you been buying that's pretty, to-day, Gertie?" inquired Mrs. Canary.

"Oh, just a few last minute odds and ends," said Gertie, beaming around the table. "Just think: I leave to-night and I won't be there until to-morrow night!"

It was around Gertie Golightly's vacation plans that the interest of the other women had centered with friendly envy; Gertie, who always took her good time with her; Gertie who received so much attention; who owned the clothes and knew how to wear them, and whose path was strewn with rosy adventures. She had been eagerly helped by the stay-at-homes.

Packing a trunk full of frou-frou is always fascinating and the women boarders enjoyed the crumbs of Gertie's spangle of existence.



The women boarders enjoyed the crumbs of Gertie's spangle of existence.

(Continued on page 24)

AN OLD, OLD STORY

By H. C. BUNNER

Illustrated by W. E. Hill

I SUPPOSE the Tullingworth-Gordons were good Americans at heart; but the Tullingworth-Gordons were of English extraction, and, as somebody once said, the extraction had not been completely successful — a great deal of the English soil clung to the roots of the family tree.

They lived on Long Island, in a very English way, in a manor-house which was as English as they could make it, among surroundings quite respectably English for Americans of the third or fourth generation.

They had two English servants and some other American "help"; but they called the Americans by their last names, which anglicized them to some extent. They had a servants' hall, and a butler's pantry, and a page in buttons, and they were unreasonably proud of the fact that one of their Tory ancestors had been obliged to leave New York for Halifax, in 1784, having only the alternative of a more tropical place of residence. I do not know, whether they really held that the signers of the Declaration of Independence committed a grave error; but I do know that when they had occasion to speak of Queen Victoria, they always referred to her as "Her Majesty."

"I see by the *Mail* tonight," Mr. Tullingworth-Gordon would say to his wife, "that Her Majesty has presented the poor bricklayer who saved seventeen lives and lost both his arms at the Chillingham-on-Frees disaster with an India shawl and a copy of the *Life of the Prince Consort*."

"Her Majesty is always so generous!" Mrs. Tullingworth-Gordon would sigh; "and so considerate of the common people!"

Mr. Tullingworth-Gordon was a rich man, and he was free to indulge the fancy of his life, and to be as English as his name; and he engaged those two English servants to keep up the illusion.

It is the tale of the menials that I have to tell — the tale of the loves of Samuel Bilson, butler, and Sophronia Huckins, "which 'Uckins it ever was an' so it were allays called, and which 'Uckins is good enough for me, like it was good enough for my parents now departed, and there is 'ope for 'eaven for chapel-goers, though a Church-of-England woman I am myself."

Sophronia Huckins was lady's maid to Mrs. Tullingworth-Gordon, housekeeper to Mr. and Mrs. Tullingworth-Gordon, and, in a way, autocrat and supreme ruler over the whole house of Tullingworth-Gordon. There were other servants, as I have said, but, in their several departments, Bilson and Sophronia were king and queen. Of course, at the first, there were some friction between these two potentates. For ten years they scratched and sparred and jostled; for ten years after that they lived in comfortable amity, relieving their feelings by establishing a reign of terror over the other servants; and then — ah, then — began the dawn of another day. Bilson was careless about the wine; Sophronia took to the wearing of gowns

unbefitting a maid of forty years. It broke upon the Tullingworth-Gordon mind that something was in the wind, and that the conservative quiet of their domestic service was likely to be troubled.

Meanwhile, Nature, unconscious of the proprieties of the situation, was having her own way in the little passage back of the butler's pantry.

"You say" — the housekeeper spoke with a certain sternness — "as how you have loved me for ten long years. But I say as how it would 'ave been more to your credit, Samuel Bilson, to 'ave found it out afore this, when, if I do say it myself, there was more occasion."

"It's none the wuss, Sophronia, for a-bein' found out now," rejoined the butler, sturdily: "what you was, you is to me, an' I don't noways regret that you ain't what you was, in point of beauty, to 'ave young men an' sich a-comin' between us, as an engaged pair."

"'Oo's an engaged pair!" demanded Sophronia, with profound dignity.

"Us," said Mr. Bilson, placidly: "or to be considered as sich."

"I ain't considered us as sich," said Sophronia, coquettishly: "not as yet."

Mr. Bilson was stacking up dishes on the shelves in the passageway. He paused in his labors, put his hands on his hips, and faced his tormenting charmer with determination in his eye.



"Her Majesty is so generous," Mrs. T. would sigh!

"Sophronia 'Uckins!" he said: "you're forty, this day week; that much I know. Forty's forty. You've kep' your looks wonderful, an' you 'ave your teeth which Providence give you. But forty's forty. If you



Behind Mr. Chizzy came two limp little girls.

mean Bilson, you mean Bilson now, 'ere in this 'ere cupboard-extension, your 'and an' your 'cart, to love, honor, an' obey, so 'elp you. Now, 'ow goes it?"

It went Mr. Bilson's way. Sophronia demurred, and for a space of some few weeks she was doubtful; then she said "No" — but in the end she consented.

Why should she not? Bilson had been a saving man. No luxurious furniture beautified his little room over the stables. His character was above reproach. He allowed himself one glass of port each day from Mr. Tullingworth-Gordon's stock; but there he drew the line. Such as it was, the master of the house had his own wine, every drop, except that solitary glass of port — save on one occasion.

And Sophronia Huckins was the occasion of that occasion. Smooth and decorous ran the course of true love for four months on end. Mrs. Tullingworth-Gordon had been made acquainted with the state of affairs; had raged, had cooled, and had got to that point where the natural woman arose within her, and she began to think about laying out a trousseau for the bride. Fair was the horizon; cloudless the sky. Then came the heavy blow of Fate.

When Cupid comes to you at forty years, he is likely to be something wrinkled, more or less fat and puffy, a trifle stiff in the joints. You must humor him a little; you must make believe, and play that he is young and fair. It takes imagination to do this, and in imagination Sophronia was deficient. Her betrothal was not two months old when she suddenly realized that there was something grotesque and absurd about it. How did she get the idea? Was it an echo of the gossip of the other servants? Did she see the shop-keepers, quick to catch all the local gossip, smiling at her as she went about the little town on her domestic

errands? Was there something in Bilson's manners that told her that he felt, in his inmost heart, that he had got to the point where he had to take what he could get, and that he held her lucky to have been conveniently accessible at that critical juncture?

We can not know. Perhaps Bilson was to blame. A man may be in love—over head and ears in love—and yet the little red feather of his vanity will stick out of the depths, and proclaim that his self-conceit is not yet dead.

Perhaps it was Bilson: perhaps it was some other cause. It matters not. One dull November day, Sophronia Huckins told Samuel Bilson that she could not and would not marry him.

"It was my intent, Samuel; but I 'ave seen it was not the thing for neither of us. If you had 'a' seen your way clear five or ten or may be fifteen years ago I don't say as it wouldn't 'a' been different. But as to sich a thing *now*, I may 'ave been foolish a-listenin' to you last July; but what brains I 'ave is about me now, an' I tell you plain, Samuel Bilson, it can't never be."

To Bilson this came like a clap of thunder out of the clearest and sunniest of skies. If the Cupid within him had grown old and awkward, he was unaware of it. To his dull and heavily British apprehension, it was the same Cupid that he had known in earlier years. The defection of his betrothed was a blow from which he could not recover.

"Them women," he said, "is worse'n the measles. You don't know when they're comin' out, an' you don't know when they're goin' in."

The blow fell upon him late one evening, long after dinner; when everything had been put to rights. He was sitting in the butler's pantry, sipping his one glass of port, when Sophronia entered and delivered her dictum.

She went out and left him—left him with the port. She left him with the sherry; she left him with the claret, with the old, old claret, with the comet year, with the wine that had rounded the Cape, with the Cognac, with the Chartreuse, with the syrupy Curaçoa and the Eau de Dantzic, and with the Scotch whiskey that Mr. Tullingworth-Gordon sometimes drank in despite of plain American Rye.

She left him with the structure of a lifetime shattered; with the love of twenty years nipped in its late-bourgeoning bud. She left him alone, and she left him with a deadly nepenthe at hand.

He fell upon those bottles, and, for once in his quiet, steady conservative life, he drank his fill. He drank the soft, sub-acid claret; he drank the nutty sherry; he drank the yellow Chartreuse and the ruddy Curaçoa. He drank the fiery Cognac, and the smoky Scotch whiskey. He drank and drank, and as his grief rose higher and higher, high and more high he raised the intoxicating flood.

At two o'clock of that night, a respectable butler opened a side-door in the mansion of Mr. Tullingworth-Gordon and sallied forth to cool his brow in the midnight air.

He was singing as they brought him back on a shutter, in the early morning; but it was not wholly with drunkenness, for delirium had hold of him. Down to the south of the house were long stretches of marsh, reaching

into the Great South Bay, and there he had wandered in his first intoxication. There he had stepped over the edge of a little dyke that surrounded Mr. Tullingworth-Gordon's pike-pond—where all the pike died, because the water was too salt for them—and there they found him lying on his back, with one of the most interesting cases of compound fracture in his right leg that has yet been put on record, and with the flat stones that topped the dyke lying over him.

They took him to his room over the stable, and put him to bed, and sent for the doctor. The doctor came, and set the leg.

best I know, it's me, an' I've come to 'ave an eye on you."

"Sophronia!" gasped the sufferer; "'tain't noways proper."

"T's goin' to be proper, Samuel Bilson. You wait, an' you'll see what you'll see. 'Ere 'e comes."

Mr. Bilson's room was reached by a ladder, coming up through a hole in the floor. Through this hole came a peculiarly shaped felt hat; then a pale youthful face; then a vest with many buttons.

"To 'ave and to 'old," said Sophronia. "'Ere 'e is."



"I don't noways regret that you ain't what you was in point of beauty!"

He also smelt of Mr. Bilson's breath, and gazed upon Mr. Bilson's feverish countenance, and said:

"Hard drinker, eh? We'll have trouble with him, probably. Hasn't he got anybody to look after him?"

This query found its way up to the manor-house of the Tullingworth-Gordons. It came, in some way, to the ears of Sophronia. Shortly after dinner-time she appeared in the chamber of Bilson.

Bilson was "coming out of it." He was conscious, he was sore; he was heavy of heart and head. He looked up, as he lay on his bed, and saw a comely, middle-aged Englishwoman, sharp of feature, yet somehow pleasant and comforting, standing by his bed.

"Sophronia!" he exclaimed.

"Hush!" she said; "the medical man said you wasn't to talk."

"Sophronia—'tain't you?"

"P'r'aps it ain't," said Sophronia, sourly; "p'r'aps it's a cow, or a 'orse or a goat, or anythin' that is my neighbors'. But the

The head came up, and a long, thin body after it. Pale and gaunt, swaying slightly backward and forward, like a stiff corn-stalk in a mild breeze, the Reverend Mr. Chizzy stood before them and smiled vaguely.

The Reverend Mr. Chizzy was only twenty-four, and he might have passed for nineteen; but he was so high a churchman that the mould of several centuries was on him. He was a priest without a cure; but, as some of his irreverent friends expressed it, he was "in training" for the Rectorship of St. Bede's the Less, a small church in the neighborhood, endowed by Mr. Tullingworth-Gordon and disapproved of by his Bishop, who had not yet appointed a clergyman. The Bishop had been heard to say that he had not yet made up his mind whether St. Bede's the Less was a church or some new kind of theatre. Nevertheless, Mr. Chizzy was on hand, living under the wing of the Tullingworth-Gordons, and trying to make the good Church-of-England people of the

(Continued on page 25)



EPISODE NINE

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

Try a Tent

Mr. Tuck Haynie fell out of his house Saturday night, breaking three of his ribs.

—*The Cleveland County (Ark.) Herald.*

Alas, No!

The lack of ice and the consequent uncommonness of skating have hitherto made the problem of clothes quite negligible.

—*Robert Trevor in "Vanity Fair."*

A Recruit

Yesterday afternoon J. C. Polson, an employee of the Bank of British North America in the city, was arrested on a charge of theft and will this morning appear in the city police force.

—*Regina (Sask.) Morning Leader.*

The Dangers of Eating

Joseph Sary, a rigger at Bethlehem Steel Works, fractured his left leg between a plate and a roll.

—*Stroudsburg (Pa.) Daily Times.*

What is it in Hindustani?

Mr. Peltier of town will marry to a widow of town whose name was Slamick, now Lyon in English.

—*Windham County (Ct.) Observer.*

Foresight

The following marriage licenses have been issued by Judge Berry:

Willard Myer and Lucile O'Brien, and Bertha Dewald both of Billings.

—*Alliance (Neb.) Herald.*

Discovered at Last!

During the summer the school board will place the word "Lamanda Park Grammar School" on the front of our \$60,000 school building which has been open one school year.

—*Lamanda Park (Cal.) Herald.*

A Lot About a Little

A small explosion occurred at the creamery on Tuesday in one of the pneumonia tanks. Mr. Dow was quite lucky in having it repaired by an expert of the company who happened to be at Keosauqua putting in one of their pneumonia plants in one of the meat markets there. There was not much damage caused by the explosion.

—*Stockport (Iowa) News.*

She Just Flew Away**NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC**

My wife, Burdie, having left my bed and board without any cause, I will not be responsible for any debts she may incur.

JOHN McDOWELL.

—*Elkins (W. Va.) Intermountain.*

No Advocate of Race Suicide

She was 4 years old and besides her husband, she is survived by four children.

—*Union Hill (N. J.) Hudson-Dispatch.*

Gifted

Miss Lawrence possesses a rare soprano of wondrous sweetness and power. Her selections were all beautifully and artistically rendered. She fully sustained her reputation as a coloratura soprano, when she sang in Italian the lovely aerea by Mozart. We predict for her a successful operatic career.

—*The Martinsville (W. Va.) Bulletin.*

In These Days of Co-operation

Mrs. Kindel and Mrs. Spragen and little son were out looking over the town Sunday evening.

—*Kinsley (Kans.) Graphic.*

For Courting?

Johnny Gronewold has purchased a new driver now. She has been trained to pay no attention when you smack your lips.

—*The Filley (Neb.) Spotlight.*

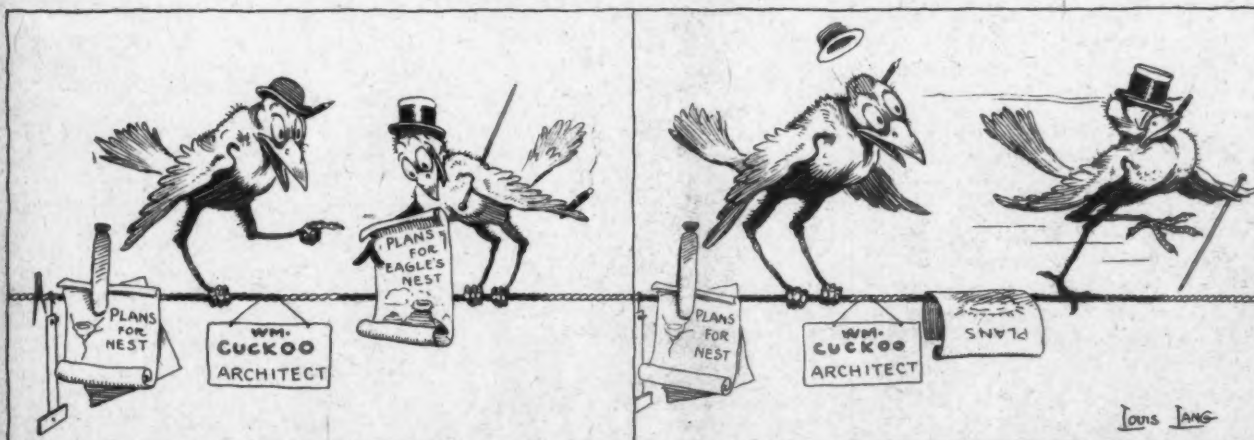
Can this Be Love?**NOTICE**

If the bum who left his hat on my piazza last Sunday morning will call at The Standard Office he can obtain same. I also wish to inform the said bum that the tobacco-juice which he left behind on the piazza and house still remains and I will be willing to pay him if he will come and clean it up.

Mrs. McCHESENEY, Green St.

—*Schuylerville (N. Y.) Standard.*

ADVENTURES ON THE CLOTHES-LINE



"That's an eagle's nest you have selected, Mr. Sparrow."

"Well, I guess I can have an eagle's nest if I pay for it!"



"This must be Sing-Sing prison!"

Milady's Touring Car

A "palace motor car" with a body 18 feet long, 8 feet wide, and 6½ feet in height was delivered the other day to a wealthy California woman who is soon to start East with it on a transcontinental tour. (Probable destination, Times Square.) The car appears to be a cross between a Pullman sleeper and a luxurious kitchenette apartment. We hear that no expense has been spared in the construction; that it is finished in mahogany, with windows of the finest plate glass, inclosed type; that there is a complete electric light plant, power supplied by the engine; and a waterworks system with a 50-gallon reservoir. The beds are described as "regular Pullman berths," but this, doubtless, is an understatement of their novel properties, for the reporter adds—"they can be opened and closed at will." Pullman berths were never like that; for as far back as we can remember they were opened and closed against our will. . . . But none of these things interest us so much as the startling but un-elaborated news that the design, in the main, is by the owner of the car herself. No details are given about the most interesting matter of all, namely, the floor plan—the arrangement of rooms.

Given a space 18 x 8 and 6½ feet deep upon which to wreak her vengeance, what would a modern woman proceed to do?

The extraordinary depth of the car's body furnishes us with the best clue for surmise—6½ feet is high enough to permit dancing. Ergo, at least three-fourths of the floor space will be turned into a reception hall or "studio" for *thés dansants*. Then only two other small rooms need be added, and they may well be patterned after the famous studios of Washington Square South; one room as a wardrobe; the other, a combination bathroom, kitchenette and cosmetics arsenal.



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<i>The Ghoolah</i>	<i>Mr. Chedby on a Regular Nuisance</i>
<i>Samantha Boom-de-ay</i>	<i>The Suburbanite and His Golf</i>
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Our Two Great Parties

Abdurrahman is very much interested in our political parties, but he had not until recently been able to grasp the essential distinction between them.

One day he came to me, beaming. "I think I understand now," he said.

"Ah," I said, "well, what conclusion have you reached?"

"It is very simple," he replied. "The Democratic Party is what its name implies — a group of men associated for the purpose of making the government of the country as fully and completely popular as possible. Its specific doctrines may sometimes change. Issues are determined by existing circumstances. It may even make mistakes. It is sometimes dissatisfied with its leaders and rejects them. But essentially it is just what I have said."

"And the Republican Party?"

"It is wrong to speak of it as a party," said Abdurrahman.

"Why?" I asked. "What is it?"

"I'm not sure. When a Republican advances a doctrine he does not try to prove that it is better for the country. He shows that his view is identical with virtue and religion, and that you cannot oppose it without being wicked and irreligious. It must be so, because he says it in so positive a way that he quite convinces you. If a Democrat became convinced that the success of his party would injure the country, he would abandon his party. If a Republican sees that Republican success would harm the country, he would be certain that it is good for the country to be harmed. A Republican boss may be a grafter and a tyrant, but something remains from the chrisom of his Republican leadership, and when he resumes power again he is once more a statesman. A Republican President that lets a few jingo newspapers bully him into a war to which he is opposed, is a patriotic and high-minded executive; but a Democratic President that resists these same noisy jingoes, and refuses to take advantage of a neighbor's misfortunes, is a weak and vacillating coward. In other words, the Democrats form a party, the Republicans form a religious faith."

"But what about the Independents in both camps," I asked. "What are you going to say about them?"

"An independent Democrat is one who, believing in Democratic principles, refuses for one or another reason to accept the existing leadership of the party," said Abdurrahman.

"And an independent Republican?"

"An independent Republican does not mean anything. There is no such person."

— Curt Hansen

The war is now beginning its third year, and even the most jealous Broadway manager has to admit that it's a success.

The Russian armies are now giving a good account of themselves. So it may not be necessary after all to change the name of the Muscovite capital to Retrograd.

The Germans' present price on Belgium is \$10,000,000,000, but there is a growing belief that they can be persuaded to reduce this to about \$4.98.

The esteemed Vamoose Party is all dressed up, but has no place to go.

The Turks are within thirty miles of Suez, and we shall soon find out whether the peninsula is mightier than the sword.



"Let's go back now, John."

JUDGE: You say your wife threw a plate at your head.

CULPRIT: Yes your honor. But she missed me.

WIFE: Why shouldn't I, your honor? I was lying on the floor on me back.

HE: Do you think I ought to see your husband about my marrying your daughter?

SHE: Dear me, no. He will read all about it in the papers.

HE (whispering) I will see you in the Conservatory.

SHE: Remember! The line forms on the right.

"Oh, Jack! If I should die, would you marry a woman just like me, for your second?"

"Probably — but I wouldn't find it out, till after the ceremony."

Have you a little ivory in your dome?

After a Stormy Day Outdoors—

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

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California Contentment

The Native Sons of California had mobilized and all the creatures had a good word to say for the joy of living in the Golden State. Finally, the Stranger beheld a worm, grovelling along the hot sidewalk.

"Surely, you are not content?" he suggested.

"Ah, yes," said the creeping thing. "I would much rather be a worm in California than in China, with four hundred million people to step on me."

His Custom

OFFICER: What would you do if you were asked to "order arms?"

RECRUIT (from rural districts): Send for a Chicago mail-order catalogue.



OUTRAGED HUSBAND: "Evangeline, I wish you wouldn't appear in such an immodest costume. Can't you see everyone is laughing at you?"

What's The Use?

SOCIALIST: It is always the poor man who does the fighting for his country. You never hear of any of these rich fellows risking their lives.

FRIEND: Didn't you read in the papers that George Gottmunney, the billionaire, has gone south with his regiment?

SOCIALIST: Indeed? That's the way with these grasping rich! He will take that measly fifty cents a day and keep some poor fellow from earning it who really needs the money.

The Difference

"There is quite a difference between America and Europe."

"Yes. In America everybody under 21 is a famous moving-picture star and in Europe everybody over 70 is a famous war General."

Manners

Jenkins was calling upon Genevieve and Gwendolyn, the daughters of an artist.

"You don't resemble each other very greatly," he ventured.

"Oh, no," said Genevieve. "You see, I, the younger, am in mother's later manner."

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UNRETIRED TRADE MARK

PREFERRED BY GENTLEMEN NOW AS THEN

The Seven Arts

(Continued from page 12)

book about socialism till his confusion grows apace and is thrice confounded. From ignorance to arrogance is but a step. At the rich table of life, groaning with good things he turns away, preferring to chew the dry cud of self-satisfaction. He would commit Barmecide rather than surrender his theory of the "unearned increment." He calls Shaw and Wells traitors because they see the humorous side of their doctrines and, occasionally, make mock of them. The varieties of lady socialists are too numerous to study. It may be said of them, without fear of being polite, that females rush in where fools fear to tread. But, then, the woman who hesitates — usually gets married.

The Critic He has a soul like a Persian rug. Many-colored are his ways, his speech.

He delights in alliteration of colors, and avails himself of it when he dips pen into ink. He is fond of confusing the technical terms of the Seven Arts, writing that "stuffing the ballot-box is no greater crime than constipated harmonics." But what he doesn't know is that such expressions as — gamut of colors, scales, harmonies, tonal values — belong to the art of painting, and not alone to music. He is fonder of anecdote and gossip than of history. He relates with commendable glee the story told by that invincible chatterer, De Lenz, about his first visit to the home of George Sand. De Lenz asked the concierge: "Is Madame Dudevant at home?" "No, M'sieu." "What is Madame properly called?" pursued the investigator of the morals of artists. "Ah! M'sieu, she has many names." De Lenz then goes away, his little soul swelling with infinite glee. But what's the use! You can't carve rotten wood. Or, our critic will quote for you, with his gimlet eye of a specialist boring into your own, the story which was whispered to Anthony Trollope (in 1857, please don't forget) if he would be so kind (it was at the Uffizi Galleries, Florence), as to show him the way to the "Medical Venus." This is marvellous humor, and worth a ton of critical comment (which, by Apollo! it be). But, as Baudelaire puts it: "Nations, like families, produce great men against their will"; and our critic is "produced," not made. In the realm of the blind, the cock-eyed is king. The critic is said to be the most necessary nuisance — after women — in this "movie" world of ours. But all human beings are critics, aren't they?

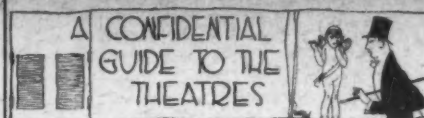
The Mock If for the dog the world is a smell, for the eagle a picture, for the politician a Nibelung hoard, then for the psychiatrist life is a huge, throbbing

nerve. He dislikes, naturally, the anti-vivisectionists, but enjoys the moral vivisection of his fellow-creatures. It's a mad world for him, my masters! And if your ears taper at the top, beware! You have the morals of a faun; or, if your arms be lengthy, you are a reversion to a prehistoric type — probably of arboreal habits. The only things that are never too long, our friend the "expert" of rare phobias, are his bill and the length of his notice in the newspapers. If he agrees with Charles Lamb that Adam and Eve in Milton's Paradise behave too much like married people, he quickly resents any tracing of a religion to an instinct or a perception. He maintains that religious feeling is only "a mode of reaction," and our conscience but a readjusting apparatus. His trump card is the abnormal case, and if he can catch tripping a musician, a poet, a painter, he is professionally happy. Homer nodded. Shakespeare plagiarized. Beethoven drank. Mozart liked his wife's sister. Chopin coughed. Turner was immoral. Wagner, a little how ye so! Hurray! Cracked souls, and a Donnybrook Fair of the emotions! The psychiatrist can diagnose anything from a rum-thirst to sudden death. Nevertheless, in his endeavor to assume the outward appearance of a veritable man of science, the psychiatrist reminds one of the hermit crab as described in E. H. Banfield's "Confessions of a Beach Comber" (p. 132). "The disinterested spectator," remarks Professor Banfield, "may smile at the vain, yet frantically anxious efforts of the hermit crab to coax his flabby rear into a shell obviously a flattering misfit; but it is not a smiling matter to him. Not until he has exhausted a programme of ingenious attitudes and comic contortions is the attempt to stow away a No. 8 tail in a No. 5 shell abandoned." The mock psychiatrist is the hermit crab of psychology. But he is high muckamuck at a murder trial if the accused happens to be a degenerate scion of a millionaire. He will swear to any "truth" that is proposed to him. And of the living he has never been known to speak words of praise.

Woman's changing appreciation of man, according to May Irwin, may be correctly summed up in three brief but definite interrogative sentences. At the age of eighteen years she asks: "Who is he?" When she has reached the age of twenty-four years she asks: "What is he?" And at the age of thirty-five she nervously inquires: "Where is he?"

"Now, children," said the teacher, "what patriotic lesson do we get from the famous ride of Paul Revere? Ah, James appears to have it. What is it. What is it, James?"

"Safety first," said James, eagerly.



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MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

The Thing for Trainsickness
AT ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS

Anecdote of the Caliph

Once, as was his wont, the great Caliph, Haroun Al Raschid, was prowling through Bagdad in company with his Grand Vizier. At the foot of the station stairs of the Bagdad Elevated Railway system he observed a blind beggar, with lead pencils for sale, and holding out a cigar-box in which were a few small coins.

The Caliph, without speaking to the man, deposited a nickel in the box and passed on.

"Why did you do that, O most gracious majesty?" inquired the Grand Vizier. "Most blind beggars are fakes, and your sublime Highness

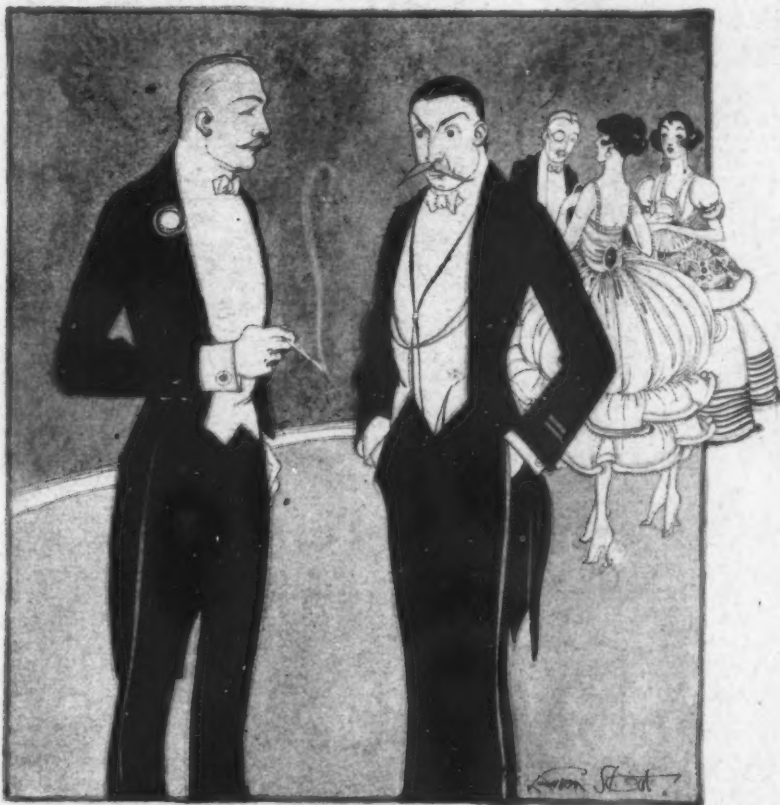
traced his steps to the foot of the Elevated stairs until he again stood before the sightless one. He trod softly and spoke not a word. Another moment and he was back by the side of his Grand Side-kick.

"What did you do, O Brother of the Sun, if I may be so bold as to inquire?" said the Grand Vizier.

"I took back the nickel which you saw me give the unfortunate man—"

"Yes, yes. Your Majesty did only what was just."

"And," continued the Caliph, frowning upon the interruption, "I deposited a quarter in his box instead. I," concluded the Caliph, "know what it is to own real estate myself."



"Was that stock you invested in last spring a good buy?"

"Yes—a 'goodbye forever'!"

does but encourage faking. Why," added the Grand Vizier, "the chances are that yon vendor of lead pencils, with all his assumed poverty and deplorable outward appearance, owns several blocks of real estate."

At this the Caliph started violently and regarded his chief counselor with wide-open, inquiring eyes.

"Think you it really likely?" he asked.

"I think it more than likely, O King," replied the Grand Vizier.

"That being the case," said the Caliph, with decision, "I shall return to him. Tarry for me here."

While the Grand Vizier lingered beneath a lamp-post, the Caliph re-

Sons-in-laws' Pull

VISITOR: I observe you have ten daughters.

PRESIDENT OF CONCERN: How do you know?

VISITOR: From the mental calibre of the heads of your ten departments.

The New York Moose meeting broke up in a riot, and the police were called in. Even with the police, however, the party was still in the minority.

The crying need of this day and age appears to be the self-raising salary.



HENRY C. BUNNER

An impression of the author of the celebrated BUNNER BOOKS, drawn in 1890 by F. Oppé, the famous caricaturist.

NO literary event of the present season has aroused more interest than the renaissance of the famous BUNNER BOOKS, and the wide popularity that attended their original appearance is duplicated, if not increased, by their present vogue. Commenting on the public appreciation of Mr. Bunner's works, *Life*, our sprightly contemporary, says:

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F. P. A. of the *Tribune* has done us a service in reminding us of an old friend, Henry Cuyler Bunner. Since this allusion has been made to the memory of this distinguished literary man and editor, a number have come forward to testify that they still hold him in grateful memory; that his delightful "Short Sixes" is still read. . . . Mr. Bunner was a bright particular star. He had, as an editor, a rare combination of taste and judgment—the sure touch of the genuine literary artist.

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Two Weeks in August

(Continued from page 15)

"We'll miss you, Miss Gertie," said Samuel Cribbage. "There won't be any young people left in the house."

"I'll be here!" said old Alfred Colt, with a weary little smile.

"Why, Mr. Colt!" exclaimed Mrs. Canary, "do you mean to say you have given up your trip to Nova Scotia?"

"Yes," he admitted. "I - I - won't be able to get away this year."

"Well, that's too bad!" declared everybody. This confirmed a suspicion that Mr. Colt's small dickerings



"May Whizzley is seeing all the home folks."

in "the market," where once he had been an important figure, had been going badly of late.

"Where's Miss Quince?" demanded Gertie. "I hope she'll be back before I go, so I can say good-bye to her."

"Miss Quince is working late tonight getting ready for the August White Sale," informed Mrs. Canary.

Mrs. Cribbage could no longer keep back a question that had been hovering on the end of her tongue from the moment that Gertie had entered. "Oh, Gertie," she asked, in what she imagined to be an off-hand manner, "have you heard anything yet from Mr. Gregory?"

Gertie flushed. Then she said indifferently: "No — not even a stingy postal card. I guess he's forgotten all about us. We should worry."

Mr. Gregory had departed on his vacation in a cloud of mystery. He had taken his golf clubs, tennis racket and suit case and departed without one word as to his destination. He was suspected of going to some fashionable house party.

"I hope you'll get good board where you are going, Gertie," sighed Mrs. Canary. "Those summer places, as a rule, set a very poor table."

"It'll be a change, anyway," snapped Gertie. She was still smarting over the reference to Gregory.

"I dunno about that," contradicted Mrs. Cribbage, mournfully. "If you are a boarder all winter and go off somewhere to a summer boarding place, it seems to me it's mighty like jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire!"

Eagle Shannon is a beautiful, unusual sort of girl who owns almost a whole Texas county. But she has come to New York to complete her education and, incidentally, to find some very interesting adventures. Richard Washburn Child tells the stories—you will find the second one called "Eagle Shannon Finishes," in the August 19th issue of

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An Old, Old Story (Continued from page 17)

parish believe that they needed him and his candles and his choir boys.

Behind Mr. Chizzy came two limp little girls, hangers-on of the Tullingworth-Gordon household by grace of Mrs. Tullingworth-Gordon's charity. In New England they would have been called "chore-girls." The Tullingworth-Gordons called them "scullery maids."

Bilson half rose on his elbow in astonishment, alarm and indignation.

"Sophronia 'Uckins," he demanded, "what do this 'ere mean? I ain't a-dyin', and I ain't got no need of a clergyman, thank 'eaven. And no more this ain't a scullery, Miss 'Uckins."

"This," said Sophronia, pointing at the clergyman as though he were a wax-figure in a show, "this is to wed you and me, Samuel Bilson, and *them*" (she indicated the scullery maids), "them witnesses it."

"Witnesses *wot*?" Mr. Bilson inquired in a yell.

"Witnesses our marriage, Samuel Bilson. Nuss you I can not, both bein' single, and nussed you must and shall be. Now set up and be marri'd quiet."

Mr. Bilson's physical condition forbade him to leap from the bed; but his voice leaped to the rafters above him.

"Marri'd!" he shouted: "I'll die fust!"

"Die you will," said Sophronia, calmly but sternly, "if married you ain't, and that soon."

"Sophronia!" Bilson's voice was hollow and deeply reproachful; "you 'ave throwed me over."

"I 'ave," she assented.

"And 'ere I am."

"And there you are."

"Sophronia, you've not treated me right."

"I 'ave not, Samuel Bilson," Miss Huckins cheerfully assented; "I might 'ave known as you was not fit to take care of yourself. But I mean to do my dooty now, so will you 'ave the kindness to button your clo'es at the neck, and sit up?"

Mr. Bilson mechanically fastened the neck-band of his night-shirt and raised himself to the sitting posture.

"Miss Huckins," Mr. Chizzy interrupted, in an uncertain way; "I didn't understand — you did not tell me — there does not appear to have been the usual preliminary arrangement for this most sacred and solemn ceremony."

Sophronia turned on him with scorn in her voice and bearing.

"Do I understand, sir, as you find yourself in a 'urry?"

"I am not in a hurry — oh, no. But — dear me, you know, I can't perform the ceremony under these circumstances."

Miss Huckins grew more profoundly scornful.

"Do you know any himpediment w'y we should not be lawfully joined together in matrimony?"

"Why," said the perturbed cleric, "he doesn't want you."

"'E doesn't know what 'e wants," returned Sophronia, grimly; "if women waited for men to find out w'en they wanted wives, there'd be more old maids than there is.

If you'll be good enough to take your book in your 'and, sir, I'll see to 'im."

Bilson made one last faint protest.

"'Twouldn't be right, Sophronia," he wailed; "I ain't wot I was; I'm a wuthless and a busted wreck. I can't tie no woman to me for life. It ain't doin' justice to neither."

"If you're what you say you are," said Sophronia, imperturbably, "and you know better than I do, you should be glad to take wot you can get. If I'm suited, don't you complain."

"Miss Huckins," the young clergyman broke in, feebly asserting himself, "this is utterly irregular."

"I know it is," said Sophronia; "and we're a-waitin' for you to set it straight."

The two chore-girls giggled. A warm flush mounted to Mr. Chizzy's pale face. He hesitated a second; then nervously opened his book, and began the service. Sophronia stood by the bedside, clasping Bilson's hand in a grasp which no writhing could loosen.

"Dearly beloved," Mr. Chizzy began, addressing the two chore-girls; and with a trembling voice he hurried on to the important question:

"Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?"

"N—yah!"

Bilson had begun to say "No;" but Sophronia's firm hand had tightened on his with so powerful a pressure that his negative remonstrance ended in a positive yell.

"Ah, *really*," broke in Mr. Chizzy; "I can not proceed, M—M—Miss—ah, what's your name?—I positively can't?"

"Mrs. Bilson," returned the unmoved Sophronia. "Are you intending for to part 'usband and wife at this point, sir? Excuse me; but we're a-waitin' of your convenience."

Mr. Chizzy was a deep red in the face. His pallor had given place to a flush quite as ghastly in its way. The blood was waltzing in giddy circles through his brain as he read on and on.

No church — no candles — no robes — no choiring boys. Only this awful woman, stern as death, commanding him and Bilson. Why had he yielded to her? Why had he permitted himself to be dragged hither? Why was he meekly doing her bidding? Mr. Chizzy felt as though he were acting in some ghastly, nightmarish dream.

"Then shall the Minister say: Who giveth this Woman to be married to this Man?"

That roused Mr. Chizzy from his trance. It came late; but it seemed to open a way out of the horribly irregular business. He paused and tried to fix an uncertain eye on Sophronia.

"Have you a Father or a Friend here?" he demanded.

"Jim!" said Sophronia, loudly.

"Ma'am!" came a voice from the lower story of the stable.

"Say 'I do.'"

"Ma'am?"

"Say 'I do' — an' say it directly!"

"Say — say? — what do you want, Miss Huckins?"

"Jim!" said Sophronia, sternly, "open

(Continued on page 26)

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An Old, Old Story (Continued from page 25)

your mouth an' say 'I do' out loud, or I come down there immejit!"

"I do!" came from the floor below.

"'Ere's the ring," said Sophronia, promptly; "I, M., take thee, N." — if you'll 'ave the kindness to go on, sir, we won't detain you any longer than we can 'elp. I'm give away, I believe; an' I'll take 'im, M."

"Forasmuch as," began the Reverend Mr. Chizzy, a few minutes later, addressing the chore-girls, "Samuel and Sophronia have consented together in holy wedlock —"

He stopped suddenly. Up through the opening in the floor arose the head of a youthful negro, perhaps fourteen years of age. Mr. Chizzy recognized him as the stable-boy, a jockey of some local fame.

"What you want me to say I done do?" he inquired.

"Mrs. — Mrs. — Bilson!" said Mr. Chizzy, with a tremulous indignation in his voice; "did this negro infant act as your parent or friend, just now?"

"'E give me away" replied the unabashed bride.

Mr. Chizzy looked at her, at Bilson, at Jim, and at the chore-girls. Then he opened his book again and finished the ceremony.

The Tullingworth-Gordons were angry when they heard of the marriage. They missed the two mainstays of their domestic system. But — well, Bilson was growing old, and Sophronia was growing tyrannical. Perhaps it was better as it was. And, after all, they had always wanted a Lodge, and a Lodge-keeper, and the old ice-house stood near the gate — a good two hundred feet from the house.

It was nearly a year before Bilson could walk around with comfort. Indeed, eighteen months later, he did not care to do more than sit in the sun and question Fate, while Mrs. Bilson tried to quiet a noisy baby within the Lodge.

"'Ere I am laid up, as I should be," said Bilson; "an there's an active woman a-goin' around with a baby, and a-nussin' of him. If things was as they should be, in the course of nachur, we'd 'ave exchanged jobs, we would."

CHOLLY: When I was a boy, you know, the doctor said if I didn't stop smoking cigarettes I would become feeble minded.

MISS KEEN: And why didn't you stop?

"Fasting contest going on inside" read a sign in big letters over the door of a downtown museum. A policeman was stationed near the entrance.

"Who's ahead?" asked a visitor from the tall grass country after reading the sign.

"Why th'" began the officer; then he turned on the questioner as the situation began to dawn on him and roared: "Say, are ye tryin' to kid somebody?"

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There's sport smoking a pipe, or rolling your own, but you've got to have the right tobacco! We tell you Prince Albert will bang the doors wide open for you to come in on a good time! You'll think the joy-lid is off for fair, firing up every-little-so-often as the smoke-spirit strikes you—*without a regret!*

All that delight *can* be yours! Pass out a nickel or a dime for some Prince Albert; and, get the aroma of this fragrant tobacco as you open the package; and, jam that jimmy pipe brimful or roll one—and *strike fire!* My! My! You men who made a bad get-away on pipes or makin's cigarettes will *want to back up for a fresh start with P. A.!*

Swing on this say-so like it was a tip to a thousand-dollar bill! It's worth that in happiness and contentment to every man who knows what *can* be gotten out of a chummy jimmy pipe or a makin's cigarette *with P. A. for "packing"!*

Buy Prince Albert everywhere tobacco is sold in toppy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors; and, in that clever, practical pound glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

